Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON. - - - MISSOURI.

HUBBY KNEW IT ALL.

Told Wifey So, But Easily Proved That He Didn't.

A man who lives in Harlem and who is one of those who fondly imagine they know it all took his wife the other day and boarded the Empire state express, bound for Schenectady on a long-deferred visit to their married daughter. He frowned on his wife because she showed some timidity, mixed with anticipated pleasure.

"This train doesn't stop at Schenectady," she said, in the form of an inquiry.

"I guess I know that," he growled.

"We change cars at Albany, don't we?" she asked.

"Certainly we do," he replied. "Don't you bother yourself. Just leave things to me."

"Will you know when we get to Albany?" she inquired, in a hesitating way.

"Do you take me for an idiot?" he answered. "I wish you would let me run this thing, and I will land you safely at Mary's house without you bothering your head about it."

The woman said nothing more until the train was near Albany. Then she said:

"We change when we cross the river, don't we?"

"I know that just as well as you do, and better, too," he snapped. "Don't make a fool of yourself by showing your ignorance."

Soon the bridge, on which stood some freight cars that blocked a view of the river, was crossed, and the train came to a stop in the Albany station.

"Don't we get out here?" she asked.

"No, we don't," he answered. "We have to cross the river first."

"I thought we had crossed it."

"I wish you would let me do the thinking and not make a silly fool of yourself, as you have been doing all day."

"But all the people are getting out," she continued.

"Don't stop them. I tell you, we have to cross the river before we are in Albany. There!"

"Now we are going again," she said, as the train started.

"Of course we are, and we will be over the river in a minute. I guess I know what I am doing."

Several minutes passed, and the train increased its speed. The woman looked more anxious, and then the conductor entered to collect the tickets.

"You should have changed at Albany," he said, to the man who knew it all. "You will have to pay your fare to Utica and then take a train back to Schenectady."

The fares were paid without question, and hubby dropped behind his paper without a word. His wife was equally silent, but the expression that settled on her face was an ominous one.—N. Y. Herald.

VIEWS ON CATS.

Leaves from Little Tommy's Composition Book.

This is an old subject which is liked by girls, but not by boys.

The proper name for cats is, I believe, felines. I don't know what they call them felines for, but they do, just the same.

You can find cats all over the world, with the exception of our back yard.

Some cats live on milk, fish, meat, mice and that kind of stuff, but all cats that I've ever seen seem to live on the back fences.

I have heard of cats of nine tails and cats of nine lives, but I've never met any of 'em. All the cats that I ever had anything to do with had only one tail and one life, and a mighty short life at that.

They say it's good luck to have a cat follow you. I suppose they mean it's good luck for the cat; for ninety-nine times out of one hundred when a cat follows you you remember about it's being unlucky to have a cat follow you; and you pick the cat up when no one is looking, take it to your house and give it a good home.

I know of a cat that was fooled once. The gump followed me, and I never had any luck afterward. Neither did the cat. He went where all good cats go—over in the vacant lot.

Some people stuff their cats after they die. We tried to keep a cat more times than I have marbles. But they all died. The majority of them were stuffed—in the ash barrel. Nobody seemed to know what made the cats die but Skinny Sniggles, Brick Taylor and I.

Cats like to rub up against a fellow, but I never saw a cat that wanted to rub up against me more than once.

I would rather be a dog than a cat. Dogs don't like cats.

I don't believe in sicking dogs on cats. I believe it's cruelty to animals to sick a dog on a cat. The best way to do is to hit the cat with a club. Cats like to yell all night. To see your little cat in the house before the fire and to hear him yell at night you would never believe it to be the same cat, and you can't find anybody that can make you believe it, either. It's always the other fellow's cat that makes the noise.—San Francisco Wave.

To Boil a Leg of Lamb.

Put the leg of lamb in as much water as will just cover it and no more, let it come to a boil and allow it to boil a few minutes, then add a teacupful of cold water, remove the scum carefully as it rises, and simmer the lamb very gently until done. Throw a teaspoonful of salt into the water when about half cooked; place the joint on a hot dish and garnish with small boiled carrots, pour a little caper sauce over the leg and send some to the table in a tureen. Allow for boiling a quarter of an hour to a pound of meat, and a quarter over.—Good Housekeeping.

Law for Taxing a Billy Goat.

The newly appointed assessor in a Maine city was making up a tax assessment and taxed the billy goat of a hard-working citizen. "Sure," said the latter, "where do you get the authority for that?" Much talk ensued, and finally the assessor got the book of laws and read that all property bounding and abutting on both sides of the street should be taxed so and so, "and, sure," said the assessor, "many's the time I've seen that same billy goat o' yours a boundin' and a buttin' on both sides o' the street."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

LAND WHERE WE HAVE BEEN.

Oh, I know of a land where we all have been,
Yet never may go again,
Though we're women as brave as ever were seen,
Or the biggest and strongest of men.

In this wonderful land of which I sing,
We never knew toil or care;
For some one stood ready to fetch and bring,
And we were the rulers there.

Though we wore no crowns of gold or flowers,
We were kings and queens by right;
And the homage of love was always ours
From our subjects day and night.

Our royal robes were woven with care,
Our beds were silken and soft;
We lived in ease and luxury there,
And we rode in our carriages oft.

Whatever we did the livelong day,
We were watched by admiring eyes;
And whatever we said or didn't say,
We were thought to be wondrous wise.

And no matter how peevish or cross we grew,
Or what tyrants we became,
There was one, at least, who loved us so true
That she worshiped us just the same.

And if we were ill, or beset by fears,
She would tend us with gentlest hand,
And soothe us by crooning sweet songs in our ears,
For we lived in Babyland.

O God, forgive us our tyranny there,
And reward, where'er they may be,
The patient and loving souls whose care
Was ours in our infancy!

—Julia Anna Wolcott, in Congregationalist.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. DODD APPEARS AGAIN.

"It shall be a legal document," the prospector said solemnly. "Wife, keep your eye open on errors, for I ain't much of a hand at literatoor. Susan, prepare to write."

The meek-eyed girl meekly took her place at the table pen in hand:

Jack dictated:

"*I Susan Green, spinster, being of sound mind, do hereby affirm before all conditions of men, regardless of sex or color*—"

Here Millie interfered to ask how many sexes a man could be, but was promptly reproved and told that no woman ever could understand law terms.

"*That I was hired by one Dodd aforesaid*—"

"Dear Jack, you never said one word about Dodd before."

"*To lay out and do up one Jack Wilders by putting up a plant to rob him of his child*—"

" 'Lay out' and 'do up' are not law terms, are they, Jack?"

"If you don't hold your tongue, Millie, we shall never 'get there.' Go on, Susan."

"*And I received*—"

"How much did you receive?"

"Twenty dollars," Susan sobbed.

"Great Scott! Twenty dollars only! To think that a boy like my Willie didn't fetch the price of a Newfoundland pup! Go on."

"*The sum of twenty dollars sterling*—"

"'Sterling' is wrong, I know," pleaded Millie, "it is only applied to silver."

Her husband dared not debate this shaky question, so he simply ignored it.

"*To do so, which I accordingly and feloniously did*—"

"Did what, Jack?"

Jack glowered.

"How often must I tell you that there never was a woman critter born, as could get within a mile of a legal document."

"*By enticing him from a female person one Alma Miggs, and handing him over to a thundering, dough-faced sneak, one*—"

"Jack! Jack! All those bad words cannot be right."

"*Archibald Dodd. All which is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God. Amen. Susan Green.*"

When the prospector had got his "legal document" signed and delivered, he turned upon the dismayed Susan, and, pointing to the door, roared in a voice of thunder but one word:

"Git!"

"Now," he cried, "for Mr. Dodd. Get me my coat, Millie, while I put Dandy in the cutter."

"Stop, Jack, you need not go on that errand. Here's a cutting from a newspaper my sister sent me this morning. I did not show it to you before because you are so very excitable. Now listen."

"*A sad end.*—Our readers will remember the case of Archibald Dodd, who suffered so severely whilst driving to our city from Oretown some weeks ago. He died last night, a raving maniac, in the county poorhouse."

"And there's no forty-below zero temperature when he's gone," Jack sneered.

"Don't jest, Jack. Lame, blind, mad!" Millie shuddered. "What an end!"

CHAPTER XX.

AN INTERESTING UNCLE.

One bright summer's day, Mrs. Frank Grey ran down the walk to the garden gate of her pretty new house to meet her husband, on his return from his office.

It was not long after a gay little wedding, which had turned Elsie Whitford into Elsie Grey, and made two young people supremely happy.

"Frank, darling!" was the young wife's glad greeting; "what do you think I have found to-day?"

"Another lost baby?"

"No, indeed; but a real live—very much alive—uncle, Frank."

"You are joking?"

"I never was more serious. He came all the way from England on purpose to see me, and I don't like him one little bit. Frank, I do absolutely believe the horrid man was going to kiss me!"

"Shows he has good taste, at any rate. Is he the corporal's brother?"

"Why, don't you know the Whitfords are not my real father and mother, Frank?"

Frank stared in amazement.

"And you were not Elsie Whitford?"

"Not myself at all, you stupid dear, but it appears my mother died in my infancy and I was left to the care of Uncle Jacob Gregson, the gentleman who called here to-day, who put me in charge of Mrs. Whitford, paying her large sums for my support."

"Where is your uncle?"

"At the Tifft house. I promised that you would go up to the hotel this evening and call on him."

"So I will."

"Don't be prejudiced, Frank, but I fear he is not a bit nice."

"Rough, eh?"

"No, but, oh, so intensely vulgar—however, you must form your own conclusions."

And Frank's conclusions were the same as Elsie's. He had not been in Mr. Gregson's presence five minutes before he mentally declared him to be the most insufferable cad he had ever met, and only to be tolerated for Elsie's sake.

"So you're the chap that's caught the golden pigeon—rather a bit of a prig, I expect, but might be worse," was the courteous greeting of the showy stranger.

"You are very candid," Frank smiled.

"Candid! Jacob Gregson's truth itself. Just ring that bell by your hand and let us have a nip of brandy, for talkin's dry work."

"Not for me."

"Well, I thought you were a prig. Do you smoke?"

"With pleasure. Thank you."

He took one of Gregson's cigars, though he distrusted it.

"Well, that's something in your favor. Now, see here, young man, I've come across the raging ocean—which, by George! I hate with all my soul—to see your wife on most important business, but now she's married. According to English law she's nobody, an' you, her husband, are everybody; consequently, I'm driven to open matters to you."

"You'll find me keenly alive to my wife's interests."

"Devil doubt you; but I want to find you alive to mine, too."

"To yours?"

"Yes, the game lies in my hands. Here's a young woman entitled to a large fortune; here's a young man marries her; here's an enterprising uncle—a kind, good uncle, on whose bosom she lay an innocent babe, whose hard-won ducats have for years supported her. Now the kind uncle says to the nice young man, says he: 'You can never learn one word of your wife's fortune without my aid.' An' the young man says"—he paused, and, with a drunken leer, winked expressively at Grey—"what do you think the young man says?"

Frank smiled.

"The young man," he declared, "says he would deal very liberally with the kind uncle."

"Spoken like a brick! Tip us yer flipper, old chap. You're the right sort after all."

"Well, what does the kind uncle propose to do?"

"He means to give that nice young man a cool fifty thousand dollars a year."

Grey started with incredulous wonderment.

"Impossible," was all he could ejaculate. "Why, man, you must be dreaming." He did not say drunk, though he thought it.

"I knew that 'ud take the starch out of you, but it's gospel truth—ah, you didn't think you'd gone in for such big stakes, when you married the little gal, did yer?"

"If Elsie had never a cent—"

"Oh, yes, I know all about that bosh. You're in your calf love now, an' life's all molasses an' moonshine. She'll be all the sweeter for golden trimmin's, you bet yer life."

Grey felt a strong inclination to kick his wife's irrepressible relative.

Gregson drew from his pocket a legally prepared contract, securing to himself liberal compensation in case of Frank Grey's accession to the unnamed fortune and cried exultingly:

"Sign that document, my boy, an' the estate is yours."

Grey signed like one in a dream.

"Far away in England lives an old bloke," Mr. Gregson began, with a sentimental tone and expression, "named Sir Gordon Hillborough, who had one child, Richard, who was rather a wild young cuss. When this youth was still young an' green he secretly married my niece, a young country girl of seventeen."

"Elsie's mother!" Grey interpolated. "How glad she will be to hear about her."

"She died—was killed by a railroad train, before Elsie was six weeks old."

"How shocking! I hate to tell her anything so sad."

Gregson ignored the interruption and continued his story:

"Of course the lad kept his marriage secret."

"Why of course?"

"Oh! you don't understand such things in this country, where Jack is as

"SIGN THAT DOCUMENT."

good as his master—she was beneath him—that's all."

"In rank?"

"Exactly. Now, very soon after the marriage they separated. He went into the army. She stayed with me. Then the baby was born and she died, and young Hillborough married again, and went with his wife to India."

"Leaving Elsie?"

"Pshaw! He knew nothing about her—didn't know of her existence."

"Well?"

"Well, the whole story was sprung on the old gent."

"By whom?"

"By me, if you must know; but I shall never get through my story, if you ask so many questions."

"Well, go on."

"And it was agreed that the child should be suppressed."

"Suppressed!"

"Yes, shipped abroad under another name."

"And that child is—"

"Your wife as sure as shootin'!"

"And her father went to India and raised a second family—"

"He didn't. He an' his wife were killed by cholera, an' now the old gent's got a streak of remorse—never could afford a conscience myself—an's just as anxious to get his granddaughter back as he once was to get rid of her."

"Surely, you could have found her before this?"

"I'll be hanged if I could, for the little minx has kept herself as close as a weasel. The Whitfords played it on me, too, an' I never got her address till two days ago."

"How can we prove Elsie's identity?" asked Grey cautiously.

"I've got them fixed to perfection; testimony, birthmarks, everything—you leave that part of the business to me."

"And have you any proofs to give me of the truthfulness of your story?"

"Lord, what a lad you are for proofs! One would think you were drynursed by a lawyer. Well, dollars talk, don't they; loud and clear; and there's no misunderstandin' them. See: I'll go straight to England, an' before three weeks have passed—if I ever get alive across that cussed sea—Sir Gordon shall cable you expenses to bring your wife to England."

Late as it was, when Frank reached home, a council of war was called, for as luck would have it, Mr. and Mrs. Woodgrove had stepped across the street to spend the evening with the young wife, and they sat enthralled, while he related the romantic story of Elsie's birth and parentage.

And when he had done, their tongues did wag!

"I'm not a bit surprised," asserted Mrs. Woodgrove. "I always looked on Elsie as a disguised princess."

"Turns out to be a swan when we all thought her a barnyard duckling," Frank laughed.

"Come here, you serene highness," the old gentleman demanded, "and graciously give me a kiss. Perhaps when you are ruling in your ancestral mansion, surrounded by your gorgeous flunkies, you may be above gratifying the whims of an old lumber merchant."

"Wherever I am, whatever I am," Elsie cried, her arm wound lovingly round his neck, "I shall never forget all I owe to you and—" she paused to grasp his wife's hand—"my dear, dear mother!"

CHAPTER XXI.

A NOBLE COUNT.

"News, news, news! What will you give me to tell you the most wonderful piece of news you ever heard?" Mr Woodgrove asked at breakfast one morning.

Now, though the young people had a house of their own across the way, they took their meals in the Woodgrove mansion, and consequently were present at this exciting moment.

"Good or bad?" Mrs. Woodgrove asked.

"Good, royal, grand."

"Of whom?" demanded Elsie.

"Of a friend of yours, my dear."

"Oh, do tell; I am burning to know it."

"Then hold your tongue, love," Mrs. Woodgrove said, laughing, "for Marcus could not keep a secret for five consecutive minutes."

"Well," remarked the old man, "I may as well paralyze you at once—Mrs. Clarence Grindlay is going to be married."

"Oh, Marcus, at her time of life!"

"Yes, and what's the worst of it—I mean the best of it—is that she is going to wed a German baron."

"Not Count Von Thun?" Elsie asked. "Oh, I did not like him."

"Did you not, darling? Well, it's all settled, so it's no use crying over spilled milk. Now, here's where we come in. Marion is going to give a ball on Wednesday evening to exhibit her lordly captive, and we are bidden guests—now, who will go?"

"Not I," Mrs. Woodgrove said, decisively, "but I should like Frank to take Elsie, and you, Marcus, must accompany them out of respect to Marion."

Perhaps in no city of the world can such unbounded, reckless extravagance be witnessed as in New York, the capital of the land of republican simplicity. Ostentation and rank seem more naturally associated, but, bless your life, when John Smith, who never had a recognized grandfather, has "made his pile" he knows how to lord it with the best of them.

The Grindlay mansion on the night of the ball outrivaled Aladdin's palace. The flowers for decoration cost five thousand dollars: gorgeous servants—twenty years ago one saw no liveries in the Empire city—brilliant in plush and tinsel, flitted like plumed birds amid a tropical blaze of gold and purple.

In the center of the spacious hall a fountain was erected—a lovely marble basin, from whose depths naiads blew forth jets of eau-de-cologne or rosewater, while from the drooping, bell-shaped flowers of a group of astras hung dainty petals tipped with tiny electric lights. Rooms hung with rich draperies, floors covered with carpets from the looms of Turkey, soft and irresponsive to the tread of the foot; ceilings hand-painted and glowing in rich color; fantastic tables and chairs of quaint device; costly inlaid cabinets; rich vases; priceless china—it was like a vision of fairyland, only, after all, as sensible Marcus Woodgrove observed, it was the fairyland of the stage—one could not help expecting to see Harlequin plunge through an old "family picture" (!) or Columbine pirouetting on the polished floor.

No man in his senses would dare a description of the fair owner of these delights. She was radiant as a dream, for Worth had out-Worthed himself for the occasion; yet, as one gazed at the diamonds, sparkling like dew drops over skirt and bodice, one couldn't help wondering how much she would fetch at auction if sold just as she stood.

Baron Von Thun must be a proud man this night to survey these countless signs of untold wealth and say: "In seven days all this shall be mine."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Crying Unfairness.

A millionaire was contemplating a row of wretched people waiting for scraps outside a city restaurant when he was accosted by an affable stranger.

"Things isn't evened up very well in this world, sir."

"They are not," grunted the millionaire.

"Easy for one clarse and difficult for another, if I may venture a 'umble opinion!" went on the stranger.

"I agree with you there," muttered the millionaire, irritably, as he watched a thin, ill-clad woman receiving a stale portion of apple tart with the tail of a bloater in it. "Look at me, I must pay for everything—literally everything—in hard-earned money; and here are those people, even the poorest among them—their food a gift; street fountains provided to supply them with drink, and all sorts of shelters, park seats and archways for their sleeping places. It is confoundedly unfair."—Good Company.

THERE is no place like home.—J. H. Payne.

M'KINLEY LOVE LETTERS.

Thousands of Them Find Their Way Into Indiana.

I do not know whether Maj. McKinley, in working up sentiment for his presidential aspirations, has a young woman or not to whom he dictates those pleasant typewritten letters that have reached every voting precinct in this state, but I do know that they have much to do in strengthening the original McKinleyite and winning over the wavering. Without the typewriter he could not have reached one-half the Indianians he is now rallying under his banner in response to the clicking of the little instrument in his law office or library at Canton.

On an average 50 republicans to a county have complimentary letters from the adroit little Napoleon. One would suppose that the distinguished gentleman in Canton had a powerful memory for persons and localities, for there is never the mistake of a letter in name or post office of the one addressed.

Up in Clinton county the other day a visiting politician from the capital was taken aside by a resident politician of Frankfort with a mysterious wink and nod of the head. "Look at that," said the verdant politician, unfolding a letter bearing the McKinley office head and the McKinley signature, with a dozen or fifteen lines of typewritten copy between.

"Oh," remarked the visiting politician, who is an Allison-Harrison or a Harrison-Allison man, just as events at St. Louis may dictate, "that is from McKinley, is it? Well, your letter is only one of the many thousand the major has sent into Indiana."

"That don't make any difference," the resident politician replied. "He may send 100,000 if he wants to do so. The letter shows that some time or other he has heard of me, and now, when he wants help, he remembers me. I'm for McKinley from this time on."

The major varies his compliments in these missives of good will to the importance of the one addressed. If the latter has a pull only in his precinct the major tickles his vanity with a few pleasant words, closing with the hope that he can find it consistent with his views to give him his personal support. If the one the Little Napoleon wishes to come over to his side is of mysterious greatness he phrases his communication with the suggestion that he (Maj. McKinley) can't go much further in this campaign unless his particular Indiana friend, whom he takes the liberty to address in his interest, visits Canton and the McKinley home at his earliest convenience.

One of these letters reached a prominent Harison man the other day. It added an inch to his stature and two to his stomach circumference. He had a secret that was burning a hole in his heart. He could keep it no longer, and, singling out a victim whom he knew would be moved by consuming envy, took him out of a group in a hotel lobby and in one of the out-of-the-way corners whispered:

"Have you heard from the major?"

"Major who?"

"Why, Maj. McKinley, of course. Hasn't he written to you?"

"No, and I don't care a rap if he doesn't."

"He has to me. Look at that, will you?"

And the victim of envy read the Ohio man's compliments without comment, and, passing the letter back to the proud Indianian, moved off into the crowd to say a good word for any candidate but McKinley.

All these letters are the sequence of a request the Canton candidate made of Chairman Gowdy some weeks ago. It read like this:

"MY DEAR CAPT. GOWDY: Will you kindly send me the names of 25 or 50 republicans in each county of Indiana who will likely support me. Yours respectfully,
"WILLIAM MCKINLEY."

That is the secret of the major's remembrance of so many ardent friends.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

PARAGRAPHIC POINTERS.

——McKinley is still howling at the favorite sons. As one of the original pets in this class he thinks that every other state should adopt him.—Detroit Free Press.

——McKinley is a living example of a man who undertook to make people rich by taxing them, and fell a victim to his own foolish theories.—Utica Observer.

——Even the tom cat on Mr. Reed's campaign button is smiling at the attempt of the Pennsylvania favorite son to get his boom off the ways.—Chicago Times-Herald.

——This thing of southern republicans declaring for McKinley before Gov. Morton has fairly begun to sign checks is unseemly and unbusinesslike.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

——McKinley's platform straddles everything but the tariff, and on that question he is flatfooted for plunder of the people for the protection of monopoly.—Wheeling Register.

——It may be that the democratic party is not yet through with trouble over the silver question, but the republican party's troubles on that score have hardly begun.—Albany Argus.

——The first duty of congress is to provide sufficient revenue for the necessities of the government. Instead of doing its duty congress is doing all it can to enlarge the deficit.—N. Y. World.

——McKinley has evidently been too busy to study Sherman's memoirs with profit. It is possible, however, that he was not permitted to select the man who would place him in nomination.—St. Louis Republic.

——The republican party is a queer trinity just at present. One part wants free silver and free trade; another protection and free silver, and a third sound money and protection. A rather refractory three-horse hitch.—Boston Herald (Ind.).

——The McKinley platform is already doing its deadly work. The New York Tribune swears roundly that it means the gold standard, while Editor Godkin's British organ rips out an oath that it means the silver standard. So there you are!—Atlanta Constitution.

——The rumors in regard to the treaty of peace between McKinley and Foraker at the Ohio state convention are highly interesting. Whatever the agreement was, relating to the support of McKinley for president and the division of the spoils if he should be elected, it was reduced, so the quid nunes say, to writing and signed by both. "And Foraker dictated every word that it contained," added a delegate who was represented to be in the secret.—Chicago Chronicle.

PREPARING FOR A STRADDLE.

McKinley's Attitude on the Currency Issue.

When Gov. Foraker spoke to the Ohio republican convention on taking the chair it was noticeable that he said nothing about Maj. McKinley's views as to silver. On the contrary, he said everybody knew that the supreme issue is whether this country is to be ruled by democracy or republicanism. This is no issue at all until it is determined what democracy and republicanism are to stand for this year. Gov. Foraker said further that republicans had no differences of opinion upon national questions or policies, though he knew the most important measures before congress have been killed by republican votes, and that the leading republican paper of Ohio had called in vain on McKinley, Reed, Allison, Morton and others to define their position on the currency question.

All this indicated a disposition to straddle the most important issue of the day. This promise is in the main borne out by the money plank of the platform. It reads as follows:

"We contend for honest money; for a currency of gold, silver and paper with which to measure our exchange that shall be as sound as the government and as untarnished as its honor; and to that end we favor bimetallism, and demand the use of both gold and silver as standard money, either in accordance with a ratio to be fixed by international agreement, if that can be obtained, or under such restrictions and such provisions to be determined by legislation as will secure the maintenance of the parities of values of the two metals, so that the purchasing and debt-paying power of the dollar shall be at all times equal."

This plank is said to have been written by McKinley himself. It contains some of the language of the Minneapolis platform of 1892, and something that was not in that platform. It is rendered more incoherent and evasive by the matter added. The rhetorical flourish that the money of gold, silver and paper "shall be as sound as the government, and as untarnished as its honor" is not very impressive when we recollect what bad money republicans have thrust upon us in times past, and reflect that they might get into power again. If the resolution is properly transmitted it declares for "a currency of gold, silver and paper with which to measure our exchange," which is not materially different from arrant nonsense, but is eminently McKinleyesque.

The resolution adopted at Minneapolis in 1892 was written in part by Jones, of Nevada, and contains the juggling word "bimetallism," to which silverites give a meaning altogether different from that which was given it by its inventors and by sound-money men generally. Still, it might have answered well enough but for the fact that the silver men have interpreted it as meaning free coinage, and have declared that hereafter they will insist upon a definite expression for or against the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one. The silverites say properly that this is the real issue before the country, and they ask for a deliverance on this point. Instead of making it clearer than that of 1892, Maj. McKinley has made it vaguer, more rhetorical, more unlike the utterance of a real advocate of honest money.

McKinley is a straddle himself. He has been on every side of the silver question except that of an unbending and uncompromising foe of the degradation of our currency. He cannot be trusted to veto a sixteen-to-one free-coinage bill, and such a man is unfit for the presidency. To this personal straddle he has now added a platform straddle. Maj. McKinley is the expectancy and rose of the straddlers and the trimmers who call themselves bimetallists without defining what they mean by the term.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

DANGEROUS AS A PRESIDENT.

That Is What McKinley Would Be Were He Elected.

The enthusiastic indorsement of McKinley by the silver men of the west rather frightens his supporters in the east, who are exhibiting him as a sound money man. One of his friends declares that he is "amazed" that the impression should have got abroad that McKinley isn't sound enough on the currency question to satisfy everybody.

It is not surprising that the sound money men of the east look with the gravest suspicion on McKinley. His record in the past; the manifest admiration of the silverites for him now; his silence on the currency question, indicating a lack of firm conviction, lead to the irresistible conclusion that he is a dangerously uncertain man to say the least. The New York Times recalls that Senator Pritchard, who voted for the silver bill, attached his name to Wharton Barker's pledge, joined his republican silver associates in the senate in agreeing not to support any candidate for the presidency who would not bind himself to sign a silver coinage bill if one should come to him, warmly supported the candidacy of McKinley in a public address delivered at Chicago. McKinley was present at the time and accepted the presidential nomination at Senator Pritchard's terms without protest. The Boston Herald, an independent paper, says of McKinley:

"With Mr. McKinley as president we should have a condition of affairs even worse than under President Harrison, because the latter was in certain ways committed to the gold standard, while Mr. McKinley, being author of the plank of the republican national platform of 1888 which denounced Mr. Cleveland "for his hostility to silver," has invariably treated this question from the standpoint of his own personal interests, and would come out tomorrow in favor of free silver or in favor of a single gold standard if he thought that by so doing his candidacy would be advanced, and whichever side he took, his sincerity in taking it would be equally great."

Two great obstacles stand in the way of the election of McKinley, even if he should get the nomination. One is the tariff question. The people will not consent to reopen it and restore McKinleyism. The other is the currency question. The country will not put trust in a man who is so dangerous as McKinley.—Utica Observer.

——A lugubrious wail comes up from Illinois. Senator Cullom says a large amount of money has been spent in Illinois to carry the delegates of that state for McKinley. If Senator Cullom have nothing to say more to the purpose he had better remain silent. The payment of money for the purpose of nominating and electing republican candidates for the presidency is an established custom. Money has even been used to put a republican president in the white house who was not elected. Money is the root of republicanism.—Philadelphia Times.

PITH AND POINT.

—Genuine. — Witherby — "I understand that you had a birthday party at your house the other night. Who was there?" Plankington — "Two doctors and a nurse."—Truth.

—Unaccountable.—Mistress—"Mary, how was it I saw you treating your friends to my cake and fruit?" Mary—"I can't tell, ma'am, for the life of me, for I'm sure I covered the keyhole!"—Tid-Bits.

—"So poor Wigstaff is dead. Well, he was his own worst enemy." "Yes, that's so. When you consider the kind of cigars he used to treat himself to you can have no doubt about it."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"What's that long piece of writing, papa? Is it poetry?" (Hastily replacing it in his empty pocketbook)—"Y-es, dear; it is an owed to your mother's milliner."—Chicago Tribune.

—"He stood up at the top of the steps," she said, in telling about it afterwards, "and I mustered up enough courage to say: 'You know this is leap year?'" "Yes. What then?" "Then he leaped and I haven't seen him since." Chicago Post.

—The Horrors of War in Cuba.—"General," said the officer who had conducted the reconnoissance, "if we enter the town, many brave men will fall." "How so? Have not the enemy evacuated the place?" "Yes, general; but they have covered the streets with banana peels."—Puck.

—One View of the Occurrence.—"Patsy," said Mr. Dolan to his son, "kape th' example av George Wash'n't'n in yer moind's oye." "Oi will, father." "There was the b'y that wouldn't loie about it whin he cut down the churry-three." "Was there any great merit in thot, father?" "What do yez mane by axin' such a question?" "Oi've seen the picther ov that toime whin he didn't tell a loie. His father had kem on im shtandin' beside the three, with th' hatchet in 'is hand. Begorrah, how could he?"—Washington Star.

A MEXICAN CATHEDRAL.

It Is Lined with Millions Worth of Precious Metals.

During a journey from Panama, west and north, overland through the Spanish Main to Paso del Norte, Mexico, opposite El Paso, Tex., I was bound to see not a little of the churches and the priests, and to hear no end of stories of the doings in connection with them, but of all that I saw and heard nothing seemed quite so impressive as my first glance into the great cathedral at Pueblo, Mexico. People throughout the journey had told me often that of all churches of the region this was the most magnificent, invariably explaining their admiration by saying that here was a church so rich that in spite of losses of millions of dollars' worth of gold and silver taken from it by the Mexican rulers, there remained no less than $11,000,000 worth of precious metals within the walls, besides other articles of value. That about every English-speaking man I met in the Spanish Main should have gauged the interest in the church by the amount of precious metal within its wall was in itself a matter worth considering, and so, although not especially interested in somebody else's hoarded wealth, I went to the cathedral first of all after reaching Pueblo. It was about ten o'clock in the morning—an hour when I was likely to find few people there. Passing through what seemed to be the most-used entrance, I found a few feet beyond the door a small stand draped with a cloth that fell to the stone flagging. In the center of the stand was a plate of solid gold, 6½ inches in diameter and an eighth of an inch thick. On this gold plate, which was placed there to receive contributions, lay a copper cent of the coinage of the country.

Quite a number of visitors came and went while I was in the cathedral, and a considerable portion of them commented in English on what they saw. I heard one nice-looking old lady say to another nice old lady: "If Brother Talmage could see this—millions of gold on the walls, and on the saints—isn't it beautiful?—but so pagan!" I saw other strangers come in, and after one comprehensive look around walk across the flagging and kneel before an image, with every appearance of sincere devotion. Others, the majority of the foreigners who entered, in fact, looked about with idle curiosity for a time and then went out. But so far as I observed, no one except myself gave any attention to the striking portrayal of the wealth of the recipient and the poverty of the donor which the gold plate and the copper cent afforded. And that seemed too bad, for if it be a good, practical, sensible thing to pile up wealth in a church building, penny by penny, then here was an example for all mankind; while if there is anything that ought to be criticised in such doings, then here was the object lesson.—N. Y. Sun.

Value of a Cent.

"Until recently I never appreciated fully the value of a cent," a talkative individual remarked, as he replaced a cent that had fallen from his pocket to the floor of the car. "The difference of a cent in the bids for the $100,000,000 of government bonds was $10,000. I didn't buck against Morgan for the whole lot lately, because I couldn't raise the difference. At about that time I had a controversy in regard to interest with the secretary of a trust company that carries one of my small accounts. After my passbook had been balanced I noticed that interest to the amount of $13.99 had been allowed. It seemed to me that it might have been $14, and I worked at the figures quite awhile. I found that the amount should have been $13.99½; but the company got the benefit of the half cent, and I couldn't induce the secretary to transfer it to my account. I thought afterward that if a company that has a capital of $1,000,000 and a surplus of $1,000,000 can figure on half cents I ought to be careful with cents."—N. Y. Times.

The Genesis of a Name.

The drummer looked out of the window of the little tavern at the farm wagons slowly edging along almost hub-deep in mud and asked:

"How in thunder did they ever come to name this waterlogged village 'Highland?'"

"I never heard definite," the landlord replied, absently putting his toothpick back in the box, "but I guess it come from the price the time we had a boom on."—Cincinnati Enquirer.